

No. XXI.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

BOX AND COX.

A Romance of Real Life,

IN ONE ACT,

BY JOHN MADISON MORTON.

**WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.**

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

New York:
SAMUEL FRENCH
Publisher
25 West 45th Street

London:
SAMUEL FRENCH, Ltd.
26 Southampton Street
Strand

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TORONTO

ISBN 0 573 62815 7

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Theatre, London, 1847. Olympic, 1848. Palace, 1849.
John Box, a Journeyman Printer, Mr. Buckstone. Mr. Holland. Mr. Love.
James Cox, a Journeyman Hatter, " Harley. " Conover. " Chapman
Mrs. Bouncer, Mrs. M'Namara. Mrs. Henry. Mrs. Vernon

COSTUMES.

BOX.—Small swallow-tailed black coat, short buff waistcoat, light brown trousers short, turned up at bottom, black stockings, white canvas boots with black tips, cotton neckcloth, shabby black hat.

COX.—Brown Newmarket coat, long white waistcoat, dark plaid trousers boots, white hat, black stock.

MRS. BOUNCER.—Coloured cotton gown, apron, cap, &c.

First produced at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, November 1st, 1841.


Time in Representation—35 minutes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; **L.** *Left* ; **R. D.** *Right Door* ; **L. D.** *Left Door* ;
S. E. *Second Entrance* ; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance* ; **M. D.** *Middle Door* ;
F. *the Flat* ; **D. F.** *Door in Flat.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; **L.** *Left* ; **C.** *Centre* ; **R. C.** *Right of Centre* ; **L. C.** *Left of Centre.*



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BOX AND COX.

ACT I.

SCENE I—*A Room, decently furnished. At C., a bed, with curtains closed, at L. C., a door, at L. 3d E., a door, at L. S. E., a chest of drawers, at back, R., a window, at R. 3d E., a door, at R. S. E., a fireplace, with mantel-piece, table and chairs, a few common ornaments on chimney-piece*
Cox, dressed, with the exception of his coat, is looking at himself in a small looking-glass, which is in his hand.

Cox. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! (*His hair is very short.*) I look as if I had just been cropped for the militia! And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser, only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends! Never mind—I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. (*Knock at L. D.*) Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MRS. BOUNCER, L.

Mrs. B. Good morning, Mr. Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Mr. Cox?

Cox. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant boister, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

Mrs. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr Cox.

Cox. Thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet

Mrs. B. Certainly. (*Holding glass before Cox, who ties his cravat.*) Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut.

Cox. Cut? It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently con-

scious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. (*Puts on his coat.*) Now for my hat! (*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*) That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat fitted me quite tight before. Luckily I've got two or three more. (*Goes in at L., and returns, with three hats of different shapes, and puts them on, one after the other—all of which are too big for him.*) This is pleasant! Never mind. This one appears to me to wobble about rather less than the others—(*Puts on hat.*)—and now I'm off! By the bye, Mrs Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, that my coals go remarkably fast—

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr Cox!

Cox. It is not the case only with the coals, Mrs Bouncer, but I've lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and lucifer matches.

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr Cox! you surely don't suspect me!

Cox. I don't say I do, Mrs. B.; only I wish you distinctly to understand, that I don't believe it's the cat.

Mrs. B. Is there anything else you've got to grumble about, sir?

Cox. Grumble! Mrs. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a dictionary?

Mrs. B. No, sir

Cox. Then I'll lend you one—and if you turn to the letter G. you'll find "Grumble, verb neuter—to complain without a cause." Now that's not my case, Mrs. B., and now that we are upon the subject I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose the chimney—

Cox. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, Mrs. B. I hope, Mrs. Bouncer you're not guilty of cheroots or Cubas?

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, Mr Cox.

Cox. Nor partial to a pipe?

Mrs. B. No, sir

Cox. Then, how is that—

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it—

Cox. At present I am entirely of your opinion—but because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what

Mrs. B. Why the gentleman who has got the attics, is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits, with his feet upon the mantel-piece—

Cox. The mantel piece ! That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, *Mrs. B.*, or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender or the hob.

Mrs. B. Sometimes one, sometimes t'other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

Cox. Ah, then you mean to say, that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going up the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction ?

Mrs. B. Why—

Cox. Then, I suppose, the gentleman you are speaking of, is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down stairs when I'm coming up !

Mrs. B. Why—yes—I—

Cox. From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

Cox. Well, good morning, *Mrs. Bouncer !*

Mrs. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir ?

Cox. Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, *Mrs. B.*—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the bolster ! (*Going, stops.*) A halfpenny worth of milk, *Mrs. Bouncer*—and be good enough to let it stand—I wish the cream to accumulate. [*Exit at L. C.*]

Mrs. B. He's gone at last ! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr Box would come in before Mr Cox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more they're not very likely to do so ; for Mr Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night ; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was ! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's

way (*She takes the three hats, Cox's dressing gown and slippers, opens door at L and puts them in, then shuts door and locks it.*) Now, then, to put the key where Mr. Cox always finds it. [*Puts the key on the ledge of the door, L*] I really must beg Mr. Box not to smoke so much. I was so dreadfully puzzled to know what to say when Mr. Cox spoke about it. Now, then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's tastes do differ so. (*Goes behind the curtains of the bed, and seems to be making it—then appears with a very thin bolster in her hand.*) The idea of Mr. Cox presuming to complain of such a bolster as this! (*She disappears again, behind curtains.*)

Box. (*Without.*) Pooh—pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir? (*Enters at back, dressed as a Printer. Puts his head out at door again, shouting.*) It was as much your fault as mine, sir! I say, sir—it was as much your fault as mine, sir!

Mrs. B. (*Emerging from behind the curtains of bed.*) Lor, Mr. Box! what is the matter?

Box. Mind your own buisness, Bouncer!

Mrs. B. Dear, dear, Mr. Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare you're quite pale in the face!

Box. What color would you have a man be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

Mrs. B. But, then, you've all the day to yourself.

Box (*Looking significantly at Mrs. Bouncer.*) So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments, and going to bed.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box!

[*Going*]

Box. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

Mrs. B. (*Confused.*) Oh—yet—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims,—hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have come to the conclusion, that he

must be individually and professionally associated with the hating interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir. And, by the bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Box. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger? *(Pathetically)*

Box. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning that I shall give you warning at once.

Mrs. B. Well, Mr. Box—do you want anything more of me?

Box. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you!

Mrs. B. Well, if ever! What next, I wonder?

[Goes out at L. c., slamming door after her.]

Box. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable female! She knows I'm up all night, and yet she seems to set her face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see—shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere—*(Feeling in his pockets.)*—I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon—Oh, here it is—*(Produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on table.)*—and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? *(Looking on mantel-piece R., and taking box, opens it.)* Now, 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is, by several degrees, too bad! I had a whole box full, three days ago, and now there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that she purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar—but I did think—oh, yes, I did think that my lucifers would be sacred! *(Takes candlestick off the mantel-piece R., in which there is a very small end of candle—looks at it.)* Now I should like to ask any unprejudiced person or persons their opinion touching this candle. In the first place, a candle is an article that I don't require

because I'm only at home in the day time—and I bought this candle on the first of May—Chimney-sweepers' Day—calculating that it would last me three months, and here's one week not half over, and the candle three parts gone. *Lights the fire—then takes down a gridiron, which is hanging over the fireplace, &c.* Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odour of red herrings! *(Places gridiron on fire, and then, with fork, lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron.)* How sleepy I am, to be sure! I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon. *(Yawning again.)* Perhaps it will turn itself. I must lie down—so, here goes. *[Lies on the bed, closing the curtains round him—after a short pause—*

Enter Cox, hurriedly, L. C.

Cox Well, wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven minutes and a half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop, in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to me—"Cox, I shan't want you to-day—you can have a holiday." Thoughts of "Gravesend and back—fare, One Shilling," instantly suggested themselves, intermingled with visions of "Greenwich for Fourpence!" Then came the Twopenny Omnibuses, and the Halfpenny boats—in short, I'm quite bewildered! However, I must have my breakfast first—that'll give me time to reflect. I've bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner. *(Puts chop on table.)* Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Holloa! what's this? A roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now, then, to light the fire. Holloa—*(Seeing the lucifer-box on table.)*—who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why, it's empty! I left one in it—I'll take my oath I did. Hey day! why, the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare! And what's that on it? Bacon! Bacon it is! Well, now 'pon my life, there's a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last lucifer—my coals, and my gridiron, to cook her breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that! *(Pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron.)*

which he puts on the fire.) Now, then, for my breakfast things. (*Taking key hung up, L. opens door L. and goes out slamming the door after him, with a loud noise.*)

Box (*Suddenly showing his head from behind the curtains.*) Come in! if it's you, Mrs. Bouncer—you needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've been asleep? (*Suddenly recollecting.* Goodness gracious—my bacon! (*Leaps cA bed and runs to the fireplace.* Holloa! what's this? A chop! Whose chop? Mrs. Bouncer's I'll be bound.—*she thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep—with my coals, too—and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my bacon?* (*Seeing it on table.*) Here it is. Well, upon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! (*Digs the fork into the chop, opens window, and throws chop out—shuts window again.*) So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! (*With the fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.*) I may as well lay my breakfast things.—(*Goes to mantel piece at R., takes key out of one of the ornaments, opens door at R. and exit, slamming door after him.*)

Cox. (*Putting his head in quickly at L.*) Come in—come in! (*Opens door L. c. Enters with a small tray, on which are tea things, &c., which he places on drawers, L. and suddenly recollects.* Oh, goodness! my chop! (*Running to fireplace.* Holloa—what's? The bacon again! Oh, pooh! Zounds—confound it—dash it—damn it—I can't stand this! (*Pokes fork into bacon, opens window, and flings it out, shuts window again, returns to drawers for tea things, and encounters Box coming from his cupboard with his tea things—they walk down c. of stage together.*) Who are you, sir?

Box. If you come to that—who are you?

Cox. What do you want here, sir?

Box. If you come to that—what do you want?

Cox (*Aside*) It's the printer! (*Puts tea things on the drawers*

Box (*Aside*) It's the hatter! (*Puts tea things on table*

Cox. Go to your attic, sir—

Box. My attic sir? Your attic, sir!

Cox. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment.

Box. Your apartment? You mean my apartment, you contemptible hatter, you!

Cox. Your apartment? Ha! ha!—come, I like that! Look here, sir—(*Produces a paper out of his pocket.*) Mrs Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir—

Box. (*Produces a paper, and holds it close to Cox's face.*) Ditto, sir!

Cox. (*Suddenly shouting.*) Thieves!

Box. Murder!

Both Mrs. Bouncer! [*Each runs to door, L. C., calling*

Mrs. BOUNCER runs in at door, L. C.

Mrs. B. What is the matter? [*Cox and Box seize Mrs Bouncer by the arm, and drag her forward.*

Box. Instantly remove that batter!

Cox. Immediately turn out that printer!

Mrs. B. Well— but, gentlemen—

Cox. Explain! [*Pulling her round to him*

Box. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*) Whose room is this?

Cox. Yes, woman—whose room is this?

Box. Doesn't it belong to me?

Mrs. B. No!

Cox. There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me!

Mrs. B. No—it belongs to both of you! [*Sobbing.*

Cox. & Box. Both of us?

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, gentlemen, don't be angry—but you see, this gentleman—(*Pointing to Box.*)—only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman—(*Pointing to Cox.*)—at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—

Box. & Cox. (*Eagerly.*) When will your little back second floor room be ready?

Mrs. B. Why, to-morrow—

Cox. I'll take it!

Box. So will I!

Mrs. B. Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

Cox. & Box. True.

Cox. I spoke first, sir—

Box. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours sir—now, go—

Cox. Go? Pooh—pooh!

Mrs. B. Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there used to be a partition here—

Cox. & Box. Then put it up !

Mrs B. Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now do keep your tempers. [*Exit, L.*]

Cox. What a disgusting position !

[*Walking rapidly round stage*]

Box. (*Sitting down on chair, at one side of table, and following Cox's movements.*) Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it.

Cox. I shall not do anything of the sort, sir.

[*Seating himself at the table opposite Box*]

Box. Very well, sir

Cox. Very well, sir ! However, don't let me prevent you from going out.

Cox. Don't flatter yourself, sir. (*Cox is about to break a piece of the roll off.*) Holloa ! that's my roll, sir—(*Snatches it away—puts a pipe in his mouth, lights it with a piece of tinder—and puffs smoke across to Cox.*)

Cox. Holloa ! What are you about, sir ?

Box. What am I about ? I'm about to smoke.

Cox. Wheugh ! [*Goes and opens window at Box's back*]

Box. Hollo ! (*Turns round.*) Put down that window, sir !

Cox. Then put your pipe out, sir !

Box. There ! [*Puts pipe on table.*]

Cox. There ! [*Slams down window, and re-seats himself*]

Box. I shall retire to my pillow. [*Goes up, takes off his jacket, then goes towards bed, and sits down upon it, L. C.*]

Cox. (*Jumps up, goes to bed, and lies down on R. of Box.*) I beg your pardon, sir—I cannot allow any one to rumple my bed. (*Both rising.*)

Box. Your bed ? Hark ye, sir—can you fight ?

Cox. No, sir.

Box. No ? Then come on— [*Sparring at Cox.*]

Cox. Sit down, sir—or I'll instantly vociferate "Police !"

Box. (*Seats himself—Cox does the same*) I say, sir—

Cox. Well, sir ?

Box. Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throats, sir.

Cox. Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box. And, after all, I've no violent animosity to you, sir

Cox. Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir

Box. Besides, it was all Mrs. Bouncers's fault, sir.

Coz. Entirely, sir. (*Gradually approaching chairs.*)

Box. Very well, sir!

Coz. Very well, sir! (*Pause.*)

Box. Take a bit of roll, sir?

Coz. Thank ye, sir. (*Breaking a bit off. Pause.*)

Box. Do you sing, sir?

Coz. I sometimes join in a chorus.

Box. Then give us a chorus. (*Pause.*) Have you seen the Bosjemans, sir?

Coz. No, sir—my wife wouldn't let me.

Box. Your wife!

Coz. That is—my *intended* wife.

Box. Well, that's the same thing! I congratulate you (*Shaking hands.*)

Coz. (*With a deep sigh.*) Thank ye. (*Seeing Box about to get up.*) You needn't disturb yourself, sir. She won't come here.

Box. Oh! I understand. You've got a snug little establishment of your own *here*—on the sly—cunning dog—(*Nudging Coz.*)

Coz. (*Drawing himself up.*) No such thing, sir—I repeat, sir—no such thing, sir, but my wife—I mean, my *intended* wife—happens to be the proprietor of a considerable number of bathing machines—

Box. (*Suddenly.*) Ha! Where? (*Grasping Coz's arm.*)

Coz. At a favorite watering-place. How curious you are!

Box. Not at all. Well?

Coz. Consequently, in the bathing season—which luckily is rather a long one—we see but little of each other; but as that is now over, I am daily indulging in the expectation of being blessed with the sight of my beloved (*Very seriously.*) Are you married?

Box. Me? Why—not exactly!

Coz. Ah—a happy bachelor!

Box. Why—not—precisely!

Coz. Oh! a—widower?

Box. No—not absolutely!

Coz. You'll excuse me, sir—but, at present, I don't exactly understand how you can help being one of the three.

Box. Not help it?

Coz. No, sir—not you, nor any other man alive!

Box. Ah that may be—but I'm not alive !

Cox. (*Pushing back his chair.*) You'll excuse me, sir—but I don't like joking upon such subjects.

Box. I'm perfectly serious, sir. I've been defunct for the last three years ?

Cox. (*Shouting.*) Will you be quiet, sir ?

Box. If you won't believe me, I'll refer you to a very large, numerous, and respectable circle of disconsolate friends.

Cox. My dear sir—my *very* dear sir—if there does exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man on the eve of committing matrimony can leave this world, and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it.

Box. Oh ! then I presume I'm not to set you down as being frantically attached to your intended ?

Cox. Why, not exactly ; and yet, at present, I'm only aware of one obstacle to doating upon her, and that is, that I can't abide her !

Box. Then there's nothing more easy. Do as I did

Cox. (*Eagerly.*) I will ! What was it ?

Box. Drown yourself !

Cox. (*Shouting again.*) Will you be quiet, sir ?

Box. Listen to me. Three years ago it was my misfortune to captivate the affections of a still blooming, though somewhat middle-aged widow, at Ramsgate.

Cox. (*Aside.*) Singular enough ! Just my case three months ago at Margate.

Box. Well, sir, to escape her importunities, I came to the determination of enlisting into the Blues, or Life Guards

Cox. (*Aside.*) So did I. How very odd !

Box. But they wouldn't have me—they actually had the effrontery to say that I was too short—

Cox. (*Aside.*) And I wasn't tall enough !

Box. So I was obliged to content myself with a marching regiment—I enlisted !

Cox. (*Aside.*) So did I. Singular coincidence !

Box. I'd no sooner done so, than I was sorry for it.

Cox. (*Aside.*) So was I.

Box. My infatuated widow offered to purchase my discharge, on condition that I'd lead her to the altar.

Cox. (*Aside.*) Just my case !

Box. I hesitated—at last I consented.

Cox. (*Aside.*) I consented at once !

Box. Well, sir—the day fixed for the happy ceremony at length drew near—in fact, too near to be pleasant—so I suddenly discovered that I wasn't worthy to possess her, and I told her so—when, instead of being flattered by the compliment, she flew upon me like a tiger of the female gender—I rejoined—when suddenly something whizzed past me, within an inch of my ear, and shivered into a thousand fragments against the mantel-piece—it was the slop-basin. I retaliated with a tea cup—we parted, and the next morning I was served with a notice of action for breach of promise.

Cox. Well, sir ?

Box. Well, sir—ruin stared me in the face—the action proceeded against me with gigantic strides—I took a desperate resolution—I left my home early one morning, with one suit of clothes on my back, and another tied up in a bundle, under my arm—I arrived on the cliffs—opened my bundle—deposited the suit of clothes on the very verge of the precipice—took one look down into the yawning gulph beneath me, and walked off in the opposite direction.

Cox. Dear me ! I think I begin to have some slight perception of your meaning. Ingenious creature ! You disappeared—the suit of clothes were found—

Box. Exactly—and in one of the pockets of the coat, or the waistcoat, or the pantaloons—I forget which—there was also found a piece of paper, with these affecting farewell words : “ This is thy work, oh, Penelope Ann ! ”

Cox. Penelope Ann ! (*Starts up, takes Box by the arm, and leads him slowly to front of stage.*) Penelope Ann ?

Box. Penelope Ann !

Cox. Originally widow of William Wiggins ?

Box. Widow of William Wiggins !

Cox. Proprietor of bathing machines ?

Box. Proprietor of bathing machines !

Cox. At Margate ?

Box. And Ramsgate !

Cox. It must be she ! And you, sir—you are Box—the lamented, long lost Box !

Box. I am !

Cox. And I was about to marry the interesting creature you so creulley deceived.

Box. Ha ! then you are Cox ?

Cox. I am !

Box I heard of it. I congratulate you—I give you joy! And now, I think I'll go and take a stroll. [*Going*]

Cox No you don't! (*Stopping him.*) I'll not lose sight of you till I've restored you to the arms of your intended

Box. My intended? You mean *your* intended.

Cox. No, sir—yours!

Box. How can she be *my* intended, now that I'm drowned?

Cox. You're no such thing, sir! and I prefer presenting you to Penelope Ann.

Box. I've no wish to be introduced to your intended.

Cox. My intended? How can that be sir? You proposed to her first!

Box. What of that, sir? I came to an untimely end, and you popped the question afterwards.

Cox. Very well, sir!

Box. Very well, sir!

Cox. You are much more worthy of her than I am, sir. Permit me, then, to follow the generous impulse of my nature—I give her up to you.

Box. Benevolent being! I wouldn't rob you for the world! (*Going.*) Good morning, sir!

Cox. (*Seizing him.*) Stop!

Box. Unhand me, hatter! or I shall cast off the lamb and assume the lion!

Cox. Pooh! [*Snapping his fingers close to Box's face.*]

Box. An insult! to my very face—under my very nose! (*Rubbing it.*) You know the consequences, sir—instant satisfaction, sir!

Cox. With all my heart, sir! [*They go to the fire-place, and begin ringing bells violently, and pull down bell-pulls.*]

Both. Mrs. Bouncer! Mrs. Bouncer!

MRS. BOUNCER runs in, L. C.

Mrs. B. What is it, gentlemen?

Box. Pistols for two!

Mrs. B. Yes, sir.

[*Going*]

Cox. Stop! You don't mean to say, thoughtless and imprudent woman, that you keep loaded fire-arms in the house?

Mrs. B. Oh, no—they're not loaded.

Cox. Then produce the murderous weapons instantly!

[*Exit Mrs. Bouncer.* L. C.]

Box I say, sir!

Cox Well, sir!

Box What's your opinion of duelling, sir?

Cox. I think it's a barbarous practice, sir

Box. So do I, sir. To be sure, I don't so much object to it when the pistols are not loaded.

Cox. No: I dare say that *does* make some difference.

Box. And yet, sir—on the other hand—doesn't it strike you as rather a waste of time, for two people to keep firing pistols at another, with nothing in 'em?

Cox. No, sir—not more than any other harmless recreation.

Box. Hark ye! Why do you object to marry Penelope Ann?

Cox. Because, as I've observed already, I can't abide her. You'll be very happy with her.

Box. Happy? Me! With the consciousness that I have deprived you of such a treasure? No, no, Cox!

Cox. Don't think of me, Box—I shall be sufficiently rewarded by the knowledge of my Box's happiness.

Box. Don't be absurd, sir!

Cox. Then don't you be ridiculous, sir!

Box. I won't have her!

Cox. I won't have her!

Box. I have it! Suppose we draw lots for the lady—eh, Mr Cox?

Cox. That's fair enough, Mr Box

Box. Or, what say you to dice?

Cox. With all my heart! Dice, by all means. [*Eagerly.*]

Box. (*Aside.*) That's lucky! Mrs. Bouncer's nephew left a pair here yesterday. He sometimes persuades me to have a throw for a trifle, and as he always throws sixes, I suspect they are good ones. [*Goes to the cupboard at R., and brings out the dice-box.*]

Cox. (*Aside.*) I've no objection at all to dice. I lost one pound, seventeen and sixpence, at last Barnet Races, to a very gentlemanly looking man, who had a most peculiar knack of throwing sixes; I suspected they were loaded, so I gave him another half-crown, and he gave me the dice.—

[*Takes dice out of his pocket—uses lucifer box as substitute for dice-box, which is on table.*]

Ben. Now then, sir!

Cox. I'm ready, sir ! (*They seat themselves at opposite sides of the table.*) Will you lead off, sir ?

Box. As you please, sir. The lowest throw, of course, wins Penelope Ann ?

Cox. Of course, sir

Box. Very well, sir !

Cox. Very well, sir !

Box. (*Rattling dice and throwing.*) Sixes !

Cox. That's not a bad throw of yours, sir (*Rattling dice—throws.*) Sixes !

Box. That's a pretty good one of your's, sir. (*Throws*
Sixes !

Cox. (*Throws.*) Sixes !

Box. Sixes !

Cox. Sixes !

Box. Sixes !

Cox. Sixes !

Box. Those are not bad dice of yours, sir.

Cox. Your's seem pretty good ones, sir.

Box. Suppose we change ?

Cox. Very well, sir. [*They change dice.*]

Box. (*Throwing.*) Sixes !

Cox. Sixes !

Box. Sixes !

Cox. Sixes !

Box. [*Flings down the dice.*] Pooh ! It's perfectly absurd, your going on throwing sixes in this sort of way, sir

Cox. I shall go on till my luck changes, sir !

Box. Let's try something else. I have it ! Suppose we toss for Penelope Ann ?

Cox. The very thing I was going to propose !

[*They each turn aside and take out a handful of money.*]

Box. (*Aside, examining money.*) Where's my tossing shilling ? Here it is ! [*Selecting coin.*]

Cox. (*Aside, examining money.*) Where's my lucky six pence ? I've got it !

Box. Now then, sir,—heads win ?

Cox. Or tails lose—whichever you prefer.

Box. It's the same to me, sir.

Cox. Very well, sir. Heads, I win,—tails, you lose

Box. Yes—(*Suddenly,* no. Heads win, sir.

Cox. Very well—go on !

[*They are standing opposite to each other*]

Box. (*Tossing.*) Heads !

Cox. (*Tossing.*) Heads !

Box. (*Tossing.*) Heads !

Cox. (*Tossing.*) Heads !

Box. Ain't you rather tired of turning up heads, sir !

Cox. Couldn't you vary the monotony of our proceedings by an occasional tail, sir ?

Box. (*Tossing.*) Heads !

Cox. (*Tossing.*) Heads !

Box. Heads ? Stop, sir ! Will you permit me—(*Tossing Cox's sixpence.*) Holloa ! your sixpence has got no tail, sir !

Cox. (*Seizing Box's shilling.*) And your shilling has got two heads, sir !

Box. Cheat !

Cox. Swindler ! [*They are about to rush upon each other, then retreat to some distance, and commence sparring, and striking fiercely at one another.*]

Enter MRS. BOUNCER, L. H. C.

Box & Cox. Is the little back second floor room ready ?

Mrs. B. Not quite, gentlemen. I can't find the pistols, but I have brought you a letter—it came by the General Post yesterday. I'm sure I don't know how I forgot it, for I put it carefully in my pocket.

Cox. And you've kept it carefully in your pocket ever since ?

Mrs. B. Yes, sir. I hope you'll forgive me, sir. (*Going.*) By the bye, I paid twopence for it.

Cox. Did you ? Then I do forgive you. [*Exit Mrs. B. (Looking at letter.)*] "Margate." The post-mark decidedly says "Margate."

Box. Oh, doubtless a tender epistle from Penelope Ann

Cox. Then read it, sir. (*Handing letter to Box.*)

Box. Me, sir ?

Cox. Of course. You don't suppose I'm going to read a letter from your intended ?

Box. My intended ! Pooh ! It's addressed to you—
C. O. X !

Cox. Do you think that's a C. ? It looks to me like a B

Box. Nonsense ! Fracture the seal !

Cox. (*Opens letter—starts.*) Goodness gracious !

Box. (*Snatching letter—starts.*) Gracious goodness !

Cox. (*Taking letter again.*) “Margate—May the 4th. Sir,—I hasten to convey to you the intelligence of a melancholy accident, which has bereft you of your intended wife. He means *your* intended !

Box. No, *yours* ! However, it’s perfectly immaterial—but she unquestionably was yours.

Cox. How can that be ? You proposed to her first !

Box. Yes, but then you—now don’t let us begin again—Go on.

Cox. (*Resuming letter.*) “Poor Mrs. Wiggins went on for a short excursion in a sailing boat—a sudden and violent squall soon after took place, which it is supposed, upset her, as she was found, two days afterwards, keel upwards.”

Box. Poor woman !

Cox. The boat, sir ! (*Reading.*) “As her man of business, I immediately proceeded to examine her papers, amongst which I soon discovered her will ; the following extract from which will, I have no doubt, be satisfactory to you. ‘I hereby bequeath my entire property to my intended husband.’” Excellent, but unhappy creature ! (*Affected.*)

Box. Generous, ill-fated being ! (*Affected.*)

Cox. And to think that I tossed up for such a woman !

Box. When I remember that I staked such a treasure on the hazard of a die !

Cox. I’m sure, Mr. Box, I can’t sufficiently thank you for your sympathy.

Box. And I’m sure, Mr. Cox, you couldn’t feel more, if she had been your own intended !

Cox. If she’d been *my own* intended ? She was *my own* intended !

Box. Your intended ? Come, I like that ! Didn’t you very properly observe just now, sir, that I proposed to *her* first ?

Cox. To which you very sensibly replied that you’d come to an untimely end.

Box. I deny it !

Cox. I say you have !

Box. The fortune’s mine !

Cox. Mine !

Box. I’ll have it ?

Cox. So will I !

Box. I'll go to law !

Cox. So will I !

Box. Stop—a thought strikes me. Instead of going to law about the property, suppose we divide it.

Cox. Equally ?

Box. Equally. I'll take two thirds.

Cox. That's fair enough—and I'll take three fourths.

Box. That won't do. Half and half !

Cox. Agreed ! There's my hand upon it——

Box. And mine. (*About to shake hands—a Postman's knock heard at street door.*)

Cox. Holloa ! Postman again !

Box. Postman yesterday—postman to-day

Enter MRS. BOUNCER.

Mrs. B. Another letter, Mr. Cox—twopence more !

Cox. I forgive you again ! (*Taking letter.*) Another trifle from Margate. (*Opens the letter—starts.*) Goodness gracious !

Box. (*Snatching letter—starts.*) Gracious goodness !

Cox. (*Snatching letter again—reads.*) “Happy to inform you—false alarm”——

Box. (*Overlooking.*) “Sudden squall—boat upset—Mrs Wiggins, your intended”——

Cox. “Picked up by a steamboat”——

Box. “Carried into Boulogne”——

Cox. “Returned here this morning”——

Box. “Will start by early train, to-morrow”——

Cox. “And be with you at ten o'clock, exact.”

[*Both simultaneously pull out their watches*

Box. Cox, I congratulate you——

Cox. Box, I give you joy !

Box. I'm sorry that most important business of the Colonial Office will prevent my witnessing the truly happy meeting between you and your intended. Good morning !

[*Goes*

Cox. (*Stopping him*) It's obviously for me to retire.—Not for worlds would I disturb the rapturous meeting between you and your intended. Good morning !

Box. You'll excuse me, sir—but our last arrangement was, that she was *your* intended.

Cox. No, yours !

Box. Yours !

Together. Yours !

Ten o'clock strikes—noise of an omnibus

Box. Ha ! What's that ? A cab's drawn up at the door ! *(Running to window.)* No—it's a twopenny omnibus !

Box. *(Leaning over Cox's shoulder.)* A lady's got out—

Box. There's no mistaking that majestic person—it's Penelope Ann !

Cox. Your intended !

Box. Yours !

Cox. Yours *[Both run to door, L. C., and eagerly listen]*

Box. Hark—she's coming up stairs !

Cox. Shut the door !

[They slam the door, and both lean up against it with their backs.]

Mrs. B. *(Without, and knocking.)* Mr Cox ! Mr. Cox !

Cox. *(Shouting.)* I've just stepped out !

Box. So have I !

Mrs. B. Mr. Cox *(Pushing at the door—Cox and Box redouble their efforts to keep their door shut.)* Open the door ! It's only me—Mrs. Bouncer !

Cox. Only you ? Then where's the lady ?

Mrs. B. Gone !

Cox. Upon your honor ?

Box. As a gentleman ?

Mrs. B. Yes, and she's left a note for Mr. Cox.

Cox. Give it to me !

Mrs. B. Then open the door !

Cox. Put it under ! *(Letter is put under the door ; Cox picks up the letter and opens it.)* Goodness gracious !

Box. *(Snatching letter.)* Gracious goodness ! *(Cox snatches the letter, and runs forward, followed by Box.)*

Cox. *(Reading.)* "Dear Mr Cox, pardon my candor"—

Box. *(Looking over and reading.)* "But being convinced that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate"—

Cox. "I hasten to apprise you of my immediate union"—

Box. "With Mr. Knox."

Cox. Huzza !

Box. Three cheers for Knox ! Ha, ha, ha !

[Tosses the letter in the air, and begins dancing. Cox does the same.]

Mrs B (Putting her head in at door.) The little second floor back room is quite ready!

Cox. I don't want it!

Box. No more do I!

Cox. What shall part us?

Box. What shall tear us asunder?

Cox. Box!

Box. Cox! (About to embrace—Box stops, seizes Cox's hand, and looks eagerly in his face.) You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long lost brother.

Cox. The very observation I was going to make to you!

Box. Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Cox. No!

Box. Then it is he! [They rush into each other's arms.]

Cox. Of course we stop where we are!

Box. Of course!

Cox. For, between you and me, I'm rather partial to this house.

Box. So am I—I begin to feel quite at home in it.

Cox. Everything so clean and comfortable—

Box. And I'm sure the mistress of it, from what I have seen of her, is very anxious to please.


Cox. So she is—and I vote, Box, that we stick by her.

Box. Agreed! There's my hand upon it—join but your's—agree that the house is big enough to hold us both—then Box—

Cox. And Cox—

Both. Are satisfied!

[The Curtains Fall.]



HOME-BUILT LIGHTING EQUIPMENT


FOR THE

Small Stage

By THEODORE FUCHS

The budgets of many small producing groups often prohibit the purchase of regular commercial stage lighting equipment. For such groups, this volume presents a series of fourteen simplified designs for building various types of stage lighting and control equipment. These designs have been evolved with but one purpose in mind—to enable the amateur producer to acquire a complete set of stage lighting equipment at the lowest possible cost consistent with good construction and effective results.

The volume is 8½" x 11" in size, with heavy paper and spiral binding—features which make the volume well suited to practical workshop use.



THE NUTT FAMILY

Farce. 3 acts. By Walter Blake. 4 males, 9 females.
Interior. Modern costumes.

Crestdale is a large summer home near an Eastern mountain resort. It was formerly occupied by Dr. See, who used it as a sanitarium for people who suffered from nervous ailments. Dr. See closes the place and sells it, and who do you think move in? It's none other than the Nutt family! P. Nutt is a doctor who is tired of practicing medicine and wants to roam. Meta Nutt, his wife, raises a pet snake. Wall Nutt, their son, is fascinated by fish and experiments with them. No sooner are the Nutts ensconced at Crestdale than several of Dr. See's former patients arrive. The battle of wits begins and fun runs rampant. Larry Smart falls in love with Ima Nutt and thinks she is a real nut. In order to remain near her he pretends that he is a nut. Engaged to a girl whom he has never seen and trying to escape her, he is confronted with a girl who claims to be his wife, and he has fallen in love with a girl whom he has reason to believe is a patient at a sanitarium!

(Royalty, \$10.00.)

SOUP TO NUTS

Farce. 3 acts. By Austin Goetz. 6 males, 6 females.
Interior. Modern costumes.

Doctor Manny Pilski, a progressive health specialist, has conceived the idea of opening a dietetic sanatorium on the California desert where meals are served in the form of concentrated pellets. Among the first guests are Mrs. Beams, a society matron, who brings her lovely daughter, Veronica, for a course of treatments, and two mysterious patients, Lincoln Lewis and Trudy Trudello, a movie queen. Bob Bennington arrives and runs slap bang into his sweetheart, Veronica, with whom he has quarreled. Things go from bad to worse as Damon Goodfellow arrives with his bag full of chronic grouch. In the meantime Doctor Pilski receives three sample bottles of "emotional pellets" labeled "Anger," "Love" and "Truth." By accident the "Anger" pellets are served for luncheon, and when they take effect, pandemonium reigns. When the bedlam reaches a point beyond endurance, someone serves the "Love" pellets for dinner. Then comes the "Truth" pellets, and the facts that are disclosed are more than startling.

(Royalty, \$10.00.)

WHO'S CRAZY NOW?

Farce. 3 acts. By Gerald Bell. 3 males, 9 females.
Interior. Modern costumes.

The scene of this uproarious farce is laid in the reception room of the Sunnyvale Insane Asylum, where we find a number of school teachers who have lost their mental balance trying to educate their pupils. The play gets off to a hilarious start when the good ladies reverse their positions and talk and act after the fashion of their former charges. For instance, the English teacher talks like a street urchin; the gym instructor is the laziest member of the lot and refuses to do a bit of exercise; it is the ambition of the head of the history department to deliberately confuse the dates of important happenings, etc., etc. A love story is introduced with the visit of the niece of the superintendent and a young staff doctor, but this, too, is treated in broad humorous lines, since each thinks the other is an inmate of the Asylum. In addition to a good night's fun the play contains a moral for students.

(Royalty, \$10.00.)

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

Comedy. 3 acts. By Wilbur Braun. 6 males, 7 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

Tom Sawyer and his chum Huckleberry Finn decide to visit the graveyard to try the cat-cure for warts. Arrived at the scene of their experiment, they are suddenly confronted with the figures of Doc Robinson, Injun Joe, a villainous half-breed, and old Muff Potter. The two boys hide behind bushes and by the light of the moon see Injun Joe plunge a knife into Doc Robinson's back, the knife that belongs to old Muff Potter; then when the old man is unconscious, Injun Joe puts the knife into old man Potter's hand and when he regains consciousness, Injun Joe tells Potter that he alone murdered Doc Robinson. Walter Potter, son of old Muff Potter, renounces his sweetheart, Mary Rogers, because he doesn't wish to bring disgrace upon her, and the two boys are besides themselves trying to find a way out of their dilemma when suddenly the way is cleared for them and Muff Potter is saved from hanging and the real culprit is exposed. You will find that the title, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, will bring business into your box office, and that this play will live in the hearts of your audience just as surely as Samuel Clemens' great classic has lived in their memories!

(Royalty, \$10.00.)

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HANDBOOK

for

THEATRICAL APPRENTICES

By Dorothy Lee Tompkins

Here is a common sense book on theatre, fittingly subtitled, "A Practical Guide in All Phases of Theatre." Miss Tompkins has wisely left art to the artists and written a book which deals only with the practical side of the theatre. All the jobs of the theatre are categorized, from the star to the person who sells soft drinks at intermission. Each job is defined, and its basic responsibilities given in detail. An invaluable manual for every theatre group in explaining to novices the duties of apprenticeship, and in reassessing its own organizational structure and functions.

"If you are an apprentice or are just aspiring in any capacity, then you'll want to read and own Dorothy Lee Tompkins' A HANDBOOK FOR THEATRICAL APPRENTICES. It should be required reading for any drama student anywhere and is a natural for the amateur in any phase of the theatre."—George Freedley, Morning Telegraph.

"It would be helpful if the HANDBOOK FOR THEATRICAL APPRENTICES were in school or theatrical library to be used during each production as a guide to all participants."—Florence E. Hill, Dramatics Magazine.

The Gingerbread Lady

NEIL SIMON

(Little Theatre) Comedy-Drama

3 Men, 3 Women—Interior

Maureen Stapleton played the Broadway part of a popular singer who has gone to pot with booze and sex. We meet her at the end of a ten-week drying out period at a sanitarium, when her friend, her daughter, and an actor try to help her adjust to sobriety. But all three have the opposite effect on her. The friend is so constantly vain she loses her husband; the actor, a homosexual, is also doomed, and indeed loses his part three days before an opening; and the daughter needs more affection than she can spare her mother. Enter also a former lover louse, who ends up giving her a black eye. The birthday party washes out, the gingerbread lady falls off the wagon and careens onward to her own tragic end.

"He has combined an amusing comedy with the atmosphere of great sadness. His characteristic wit and humor are at their brilliant best, and his serious story of lost misfits can often be genuinely and deeply touching."—N.Y. Post. "Contains some of the brightest dialogue Simon has yet composed."—N.Y. Daily News. "Mr. Simon's play is as funny as ever—the customary avalanche of hilarity, and landslide of pure unbuttoned joy . . . Mr. Simon is a funny, funny man—with tears running down his cheek."—N.Y. Times.

Royalty \$50-\$35

The Sunshine Boys

NEIL SIMON

(All Groups) Comedy

5 Men, 2 Women

An ex-vaudeville team, Al Lewis and Willie Clarke, in spite of playing together for forty-three years, have a natural antipathy for one another. (Willie resents Al's habit of poking a finger in his chest, or perhaps accidentally spitting in his face). It has been eleven years since they have performed together, when along comes CBS-TV, who is preparing a "History of Comedy" special, that will of course include Willie and Al—the "Lewis and Clark" team back together again. In the meantime, Willie has been doing spot commercials, like for Schick (the razor blade shakes) or for Frito-Lay potato chips (he forgets the name), while Al is happily retired. The team gets back together again, only to have Al poke his finger in Willie's chest, and accidentally spit in his face.

" . . . the most delightful play Mr. Simon has written for several seasons and proves why he is the ablest current author of stage humor."—Watts, N. Y. Post. "None of Simon's comedies has been more intimately written out of love and a bone-deep affinity with the theatrical scene and temperament." Time. " . . . another hit for Neil Simon in this shrewdly balanced, splendidly performed and rather touching slice of the show-biz life."—Watt, New York Daily News. "(Simon) . . . writes the most dependably crisp and funny dialogue around . . . always well-set and polished to a high lustre."—WABC-TV. " . . . a vaudeville act within a vaudeville act . . . Simon has done it again."—WCBS-TV.

Royalty \$50-\$35

A Man for All Seasons

By ROBERT BOLT

DRAMA—2 ACTS—11 men, 3 women—Unit set

Garlands of awards and critical praise greeted this long-run success in both New York and London. In both productions Paul Scofield was pronounced brilliant for his portrayal of Sir Thomas More in his last years as Lord Chancellor of England during the reign of Henry VIII. When Henry failed to obtain from the Pope a divorce from Catherine of Aragon, in order to marry Anne Boleyn, he rebelled by requiring his subjects to sign an Act of Supremacy making him both spiritual and temporal leader of England. More could not in conscience comply. Neither Thomas Cromwell, nor Cardinal Wolsey nor the King himself could get a commitment from him. He resisted anything heroic; he wanted only to maintain his integrity and belief in silence. But this was treason, and his very silence led him to his death. "*A Man For All Seasons*" is the ageless and inspiring echo of the small voice that calls to us: 'To thine own self be true.' . . . A smashing hit . . . A titanic hit . . . In conception and execution it is a masterpiece."—*N. Y. Journal-American*.

(Royalty, \$50-\$25.)

J. B.

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

VERSE DRAMA—2 ACTS

12 men, 9 women—Interior

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for playwriting

The following is from the review of *J. B.* by Brooks Atkinson in the *New York Times*: "Looking around at the wreckage and misery of the modern world, Mr. MacLeish has written a fresh and exalting morality that has great stature. In an inspired performance yesterday evening, it seemed to me one of the memorable works of the century as verse, as drama and as spiritual inquiry. The stage is set . . . in the form of a circus tent . . . Two circus peddlers make whimsical use of the tent by playing God and the Devil. Presently we are deep in the unanswered problems of man's relationship to God in an era of cruel injustices. *J. B.*, a modern business man rich with blessings, is Mr. MacLeish's counterpart of the immortal Job . . . *J. B.* is brought down by the terrible affliction of our century—deaths and violent catastrophes that seem to have no cause or meaning . . . The glory of Mr. MacLeish's play is that, as in the Book of Job, *J. B.* does not curse God. When he is reunited with his wife, two humbled but valiant people accept the universe, agree to begin life over again, expecting no justice but unswerving in their devotion to God.

(Royalty, \$50-\$25.)

DEAD OF THE NIGHT

Mystery-farce. 3 acts. By James Reach. 6 males, 6 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

Here's a brand-new mystery-farce by the author of *One Mad Night*. Alice Gardner, a young radio writer, goes to Holbrook Manor, a deserted old mansion on a country road owned by her fiancé, Steve Holbrook. But instead of finding Holbrook Manor quiet and deserted as expected, she discovers that it is peopled by the strangest collection of "nuts" ever gathered together under one roof. They are under the care of a strange psychiatrist and a sinister housekeeper. Also present in the house is Glenn, a young man who claims to be crazy, but who can be exceedingly sane at times, as Alice learns. What all these people are doing at Holbrook Manor is part of the mystery that unfolds as the play continues on its cockeyed course. We'll whisper that Alice becomes involved in a nefarious spy ring, and that her safety and her very life are in grave danger. By the time the happy ending is reached, your audience will agree that they've had more than their fill of chills, thrills and laughter.

(Royalty, \$10.00.)

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS

Gay 90's melodrama. 3 acts. By Bill Johnson. 3 males, 7 females. Exterior. Modern costumes.

This brand-new version of a Gay Nineties Melodrama tells in laughable style the tear-jerking story of Nellie Lovelace, an innocent country girl; of Adam Oakhart, the stalwart blacksmith's son; and of Munro Murgatroyd, the villain from the big city. Munro, the viper, has a wife in Ida Rhinegold, the belle of the New Haven Music Halls, but that does not prevent him from pursuing the innocent Nellie and tearing her from the arms of her dying mother (whom, incidentally, he has poisoned). Nor does it prevent him from driving Adam to drink, from blackmailing the rich Mrs. Upson Asterbilt, or from bewitching her daughter, Leonie. There are a number of places in the plot where such old-time songs as "All that Glitters Is Not Gold" and "The Old Cuckoo Clock" are introduced. The text contains full directions for its production. We would also like to point out that it may be performed by all-male or female casts.

(Royalty, \$10.00.)

BOOKS ON THE THEATRE

REFERENCE POINT

By Arthur Hopkins

Having brought to our stage new methods of production as simple as they were revolutionary, Mr. Hopkins in *Reference Point* recapitulates personal theories, practices and conclusions on stage direction and production. It is a theatre book based on a series of papers read by Arthur Hopkins at the 1947 Theatre Seminar at Fordham University for drama teachers, directors and students from all parts of the country. It is best termed a book of practical idealism, for it is concerned with creative ways in writing, acting, and directing, and access to their source. "I want to stand up and cheer . . . Mr. Hopkins combed his memories, reflected on his principles and came up with some mighty sound, helpful and even inspiring comment." —Harry Hansen, *N. Y. World-Telegram*.

MODERN ACTING: A MANUAL

By Sophie Rosenstein, Larrae A. Haydon, Wilbur Sparrow.

The fundamentals of acting as taught at the University of Washington are compressed clearly and usefully in these pages. The approach and method are described and illustrated so that others may adopt them and profit by them.

PROBLEM PROJECTS IN ACTING

By Katherine Kester

Here are thirty scenes, varying from two to twelve minutes, which are so arranged that each scene appears as a complete unit and not as an excerpt from a longer work. The problem-project method is to emphasize the one important problem in a scene, and at the same time to correlate all the other factors involved in acting.

THE ACTOR CREATES

By Aristide D'Angelo, M.A., LL.B., instructor at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

This book originally intended for the use of students at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, is addressed to actors, directors, teachers, and to that larger audience interested in the appreciation of play presentation.

THE APOLLO OF BELLAC

COMEDY

Adapted by MAURICE VALENCY

From the French of Jean Giraudoux

9 males, 3 females—Interior

Here, in long one-act form, is the quintessence of Giraudoux' extraordinary imagination and style. The scene is set in an Office of Inventions. (Typical invention: a book that reads itself.) A shy girl comes for a job. She is ignored, until a nondescript little man from the town of Bellac comes to her aid. He demonstrates that she can have her way with any man if she will, upon meeting him, declare that he is handsome and compare him to the statue of the Apollo of Bellac (non-existent). This she does, beginning hesitantly with the clerk and working up most successfully to the Chairman of the Board. The play is alive with wry and trenchant observations. Moral: "The best career for a female is to be a woman."

(Royalty, \$25.00)

A RESOUNDING TINKLE

COMEDY—1 ACT

By N. F. SIMPSON

1 male, 2 females—Interior

It would be wrong to say that nothing surprises the Paradocks, Bro and Middie. It's just that they take in their stride the things that would surprise us. The elephant in their garden, for instance, has actually been ordered, but this year the shop has made a mistake and sent the wrong size. Quite obviously they must find a name for it—shall they call it Mr. Trench for the sixth year in succession?—or should they swap it with a neighbor for a boa-constrictor, even if the latter does need lengthening. The arrival of Uncle Ted does cause Middie to raise her eyebrows momentarily, for he has become bored with being a he and is now an elegantly dressed young woman for a change. Because their social habits are different from ours—you are not offered a drink by these Paradocks but a read for refreshments—their talk satirizes the life of suburbia, and in the intervals of amusing, turns a mildly disconcerting eye on all of us.

(Royalty, \$10.00.)
